# DIALOGUES

OF THE

# LIVING.

716.b.17.

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'Tis from high Life high Characters are drawn.

POPE.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

# DIALOGUES
## OF THE
# LIVING.

## DIALOGUE I.

The Bedford Knight, A. M. Eſq; and SAMUEL MINOR, Eſq;

Knight.

SO, *Minor*, you promiſed to call on me laſt week; but you are ſo ſtrange a fellow, that no mortal can depend on you.

M——.

I doubt Mr. *Minor* has been otherwiſe engaged; but I hope not ſo diſagreeably as the town reports.



* Foote.

MINOR.

Faith, *M*——, I don't know what you may call diſagreeable; but, to me, my ſituation, tho' not new, was moſt horrid. Why, thoſe diabolical raſcals—you know who I mean—have behaved with ſo much inſolence, and brutality, that I was very near running one of them through the guts.

Knight.

But I apprehend your philoſophy conquered your paſſion.

MINOR.

The greateſt evil that ever peſtered this globe is the want of caſh: a want, heaven knows, that I feel very often. I am juſt got clear of theſe villains, and, by *Jove*, do now determine to lead henceforth a regular life: I'll no more lay myſelf open, by

by irregularities and extravagance, to ſuch misfortunes—ſuch contempt——.

M———.

Ha, ha, ha,—egad, *Minor*, how little do you know of yourſelf. If a thouſand guineas was to drop from the clouds into your purſe, why, would you now ſpend it in three weeks; nay, perhaps in three days; you would hire a houſe again with five elegant rooms on a floor, and live, as long as your money laſted, like a monarch.

Knight.

I was abſent, Mr. *Minor:* ſure the world belied you in that piece of abſurdity?

Minor.

No, faith, Sir Knight. My nonſenſical, abſurd, extravagance, the moment I got that money, equalled, nay exceeded, what was generally talked off. So far was I from

living as any other man would, that I hired the houſe *M*——— mentions; I furniſhed it in an elegant manner; I was attended by five footmen; never ſat down to table without ten or dozen diſhes; and, that I might not want light to diſplay my magnificence, had always eight wax-candles burning in the room.

Knight.

Bravo!

Minor.

So horridly luxurious was I, while the caſh laſted, that I frequently ſat down alone to a haunch of veniſon, and a turbot, in the ſcarceſt ſeaſon: I taſted nothing but *French* wines: In ſhort, I lived in the moſt luxurious manner, that my imagination could dictate.

M———.

M———.

In this fine liſt of extravagances, you forget your equipage.

MINOR.

True: Would you believe it, Sir Knight, but that you will, any thing—I kept, at one time, a coach, chariot, vis-a-vis, and phaeton!

Knight.

And this *Weſt-Indian* luxury laſted—how many days?

MINOR.

Two months—by *Jupiter!* The firſt tiding I heard of an approaching change, was from my clerk of the kitchen: he managed every thing there. One day the dog came up, and told me, that, without an immediate ſupply of money, he could

not let me have another dinner. Not a guinea had I to ſpare for him: he grew impertinent; at laſt I told him, that ſince I found my affairs were come to a criſis, he muſt pay himſelf, in the beſt manner he could, by beginning to plunder firſt; and calling for my chariot, drove off, and left houſe and furniture, to a ſet of raſcals juſt ready to ſeize.

M——.

You were then in a fine ſituation: what prank did you play to cure the *maladie du poche?*

Minor.

Why, as many very urgent reaſons conſpired to render the *Engliſh* air unwholeſome to my conſtitution in its then ſtate, I took a jaunt to *Ireland*, in hopes of meeting with ſome lucky ſtroke of fortune to revive my ſpirits; which, tho' not ſubject much to the

the hyp, began to ſink. At *Dublin* I met with *Frank*, you know the arch-dog. I lik'd the fellow, and took him into my ſervice. It was he who firſt gave me the hint of playing the conjurer: a good ſcheme, which took admirably.

M——.

And for which, I think, you were very near having your bones broke.

MINOR.

You are utterly miſtaken: You muſt know, Sir Knight, that I hired a houſe at *Dublin*, and adverti ſed myſelf for the moſt learned conjurer that ever dealt in the black art: I pretended to open the leaves of the volume of futurity; to predict the changes of fortune; and, from the wonderful characters that were written in the ſtars, to diſplay the events that were to chequer the lives of mortals. I had three rooms thrown

into one, which I hung with black, and kept always dark, ſave the glimmering of a ſolitary lamp, which yielded *not light, but rather darkneſs viſible*, and ſerved only to diſcover horrible ſights, devils fighting on the walls, and dragons ſpitting fire; here and there hung a ſkeleton, and every thing that could impreſs a frightful idea on the imagination of thoſe who entered, was diſpoſed for that purpoſe. None entered this dreary dungeon without firſt paying a crown.

Knight.

And what ſucceſs did this ſtrange ſcheme meet with?

Minor.

You may call it ſtrange, but I am ſure it was lucky: the ſucceſs was beyond what my moſt ardent hopes could wiſh. All *Dublin* crowded to the wonderful conjurer. *Frank* was diligent in learning anecdotes, which

which gave my converſation an air of ſorcery; many wondered to find me acquainted with their family and friends: and the report ſpreading to my advantage, it brought plenty of money to my purſe. At laſt I lowered my price to half a crown, and had a ſecond run of ſucceſs among the lower ſort of people. My fame ſpread ſo much, that his excellency the lord lieutenant paid me a viſit: I was too knowing and too free: you know the reſt—I was forced to decamp in haſte.

M——.

But you had filled your pockets pretty handſomely before you left the ſcene of your conjurations?

Minor.

I came over with upwards of five hundred guineas in my pocket. A fine ſum for a man who entered *Dublin* almoſt without a ſhilling.

Knight.

Knight.

But how long did this fine ſum laſt?

Minor.

Not long enough for its maſter to boaſt of his œconomy. At *London* I found ſome diſagreeable gentry, who began to teize me. I attempted to ſtop their clamorous tongues by paying them each ſomething on account; but ſtill perceiving them diſatisfied, I left town, and took a trip to *Newmarket*.

M——.

What!—A man of the turf?

Minor.

A man of any thing while money was in my pocket; but that was not long the caſe with me. In four days I ſquandered every penny; and if you was to aſk me how, on my ſoul I could not tell you: it flew, but I took little notice of its courſe.

Knight.

Knight.

And whither did your ſtars next lead you?

Minor.

My life has ever been a ſcene of viciſſitudes: I left *Newmarket*, literally ſpeaking, without a ſhilling: when I came near *Cambridge*, I ſtopped at a village to obſerve a parcel of people collected round a fellow who had a trumpet. I ſent Frank to enquire what occaſioned the crowd. It proved a company of ſtrollers who were on their way to *Cambridge*, and the trumpeter was giving out bills of the play. A lucky thought ſtruck me: I rode up, and aſked for Mr. Manager, and diſcovering myſelf to him, offered to act three nights for him, provided I might have a benefit the fourth: the propoſal was received with joy: and accordingly new bills were printed, with

THE FAMOUS MR. MINOR FROM LONDON, in them, for ſuch and ſuch characters: the theatre (a capacious barn) was crowded, and my benefit put thirty guineas in my pocket.

M——.

I thought, that winter, you had engaged yourſelf to Mr. *G*——.

MINOR.

You ſhall hear. It was the winter after. Thoſe thirty pieces carried me to town, and maintained me about a fortnight. I then turned *Mohawk Indian*.

Knight.

You a Mohawk Indian! explain.

MINOR.

Have a little patience. You may remember there was ſhown for ſome time a

*Sachem*

*Sachem* of the *Mohawks*. That *Sachem*, of glorious memory, was I. Underſtanding from a friend the manners of thoſe *Indians*, their looks, and dreſs, I counterfeited one of their captains, and, *taking him off*, was ſhown to multitudes for a real *Sachem* from *North America*, at the ſmall price of one ſhilling.

Knight.

Amazing! and was you never found out?

Minor.

Never. I continued the cheat, as long as any body would come: and his excellency the *Sachem* brought me in above four hundred pounds. But that ſum laſting only a few months, and I ſoon wanting money, I agreed with *G*——; but as I was not altogether in the moſt comfortable ſituation, I laid open my affairs to him, and my

my lodgings were furniſhed at his expence.

Knight.

But, if I remember right, you did not keep them long ſo.

Minor.

I now own all my faults. They had not been furniſhed three weeks before my purſe was once more empty. I wanted money, and——

Knight.

Sold your furniture.

Minor.

Even ſo.

M——.

And doſt thou really deſign to continue this life of ſhifts?

Minor.

MINOR.

God forbid. Believe me, I am determined to become quite a new man: It is inconceivable to think of the ſums of money I have ſpent, from my ſelling my right to the f——-y-e——e, to this day! Sir Knight knows the greateſt part of my extravagance. The M—r alone brought me in ſeventeen hundred pounds! But ſo far from ſpending at ſuch a rate for the future, I intend to be quite an œconomiſt: I will try to raiſe ſome caſh, pay my debts, and then live comfortably.

KNIGHT.

Comfortably! you live comfortably, I know you too well to believe it. But pray by what means do you propoſe to ſet yourſelf even with the world?

MINOR.

MINOR.

By good luck; I want no very conſiderable ſum to do that. To effect it I ſhall advertiſe, Lectures on Oratory and Elocution, in a new manner; or in, other words, I ſhall give coffee at the Little Theatre in the *Hay-market:* and to ſupply my immediate neceſſities, I have agreed with a bookſeller to tranſlate all the beſt *French* comedies.

Knight.

This is admirable! Under what title is this tranſlation to be publiſhed?

MINOR.

I ſhall ſee you at the *Bedford*, and then will give you an account of it.

M——.

We ſhall be there; but *Minor*, I ſuppoſe,

poſe, will diſappoint us—he will be tranſlating.

MINOR.

I'll meet you there.

## DIALOGUE II.

The R— H—— Mr. HAYES,* and the R— H—— Mr. HOLLAND.*

HOLLAND.

SO, Mr. *Hayes*, you have ſteered your courſe to a ſafe harbour, and have ſhewed yourſelf a moſt excellent pilot of ——— your own affairs.

HAYES.

You may ſpare that oblique reflection: the man that acts on a ſettled plan cannot be blamed for proſecuting it with vigour,

* Pitt & Fox.

as long as it prejudices no-body. This was my caſe: I raiſed myſelf from a low ſituation in life; my aggrandizement was the whole buſineſs of all my endeavours, and fortune gave me the lucky opportunity of advancing myſelf, by raiſing my country's glory.

HOLLAND.

But to me it is ſurpriſing how you could manage to bring matters to *ſuch a concluſion*, and yet retain your popularity.

HAYES.

I'll freely own I poſſeſſed a large ſhare of vanity. I retired at that critical moment when an annuity and a peerage were within my graſp; but the loſs of my popularity hurt me: I found the name of *Hayes* was no longer echoed with that applauſe and eclat which I had been uſed to; and I accordingly

cordingly thought, day and night, of inventing ſome means to regain my fame: I cared very little what they were. In a lucky moment I wrote that letter to *Beckford*, the attempt ſucceeded, and ———

HOLLAND.

By an action, for which you deſerve to have had your name ſtruck out of the liſt of the *Council*, once more deluded the mob, and had them huzzaing at your chariot-wheels.

HAYES.

You mean betraying ſecrets. I agree to what you ſay; but I was fully perſuaded that I ſhould eſcape cenſure from every quarter where I had reaſon to dread: and as for pamphlets and news-papers, ſome I took care of, and they equalled the oppoſite party. *B*———'s anſwer to my letter fixed my fame in the city.

HOLLAND.

Are not you yourſelf ſurpriſed at your good fortune, upon the whole?

HAYES.

Not in the leaſt. The great difficulty which prevents men of abilities from riſing, is their not being in the proper road. Let a man of genius once ſtrike into that, and his fortune is made. No ſooner was S--r *R——— W——— drove to the wall*, than I perceived I muſt inevitably ſhare in the ſpoil: it ſoon turned out ſo. I got a lucrative poſt, which ſatisfied me as long as I was unable to get any thing better: but a new war breaking out, I foreſaw a fine opportunity of riſing ſtill higher. The m———y, I found, were unable, from their ſmall intereſt with the people, to carry it on. I went into a violent oppoſition againſt them in P———t: I ſucceed-

ed

ed in my deſign, and became a m———r myſelf: but my ſeat was gained in too eaſy a manner to keep it long; you, among the reſt, turned the tables on me, and I reſigned that power which I was ſure of reſuming.

HOLLAND.

I acted, throughout thoſe changes, on the ſame principles as you: but my art failed me; or rather being cloſely connected with a mad, fiery d——e, his turbulence, and ſome croſs accidents, ruined me with the people. I endeavoured, at firſt, to obtain popularity, but found it vain. Indeed I have feathered my neſt, to uſe a vulgar proverb, as well as you; but then it has not been with ſuch credit: and yet I cannot but conceive my countenance almoſt as *unembarraſſed* as your's.

HAYES.

In real impudence, I believe, we are pretty much upon a par; and your ſucceſs, in ſome reſpects, is ſuperior to mine: thirty thouſand a-year! but, however, I have got a comfortable ſubſiſtence: I can now retire to *H——yes*, and enjoy the ſatisfaction of conſidering the credulity of my countrymen with contempt. There is a great deal of ſatisfaction in laughing at that folly, which occaſions my receiving three th——d a-year and a p——.

HOLLAND.

Some comic writer ſays, if I recollect right, that there is a degree of aſſurance in your modeſt men, which we impudent fellows can never arrive at. That caſe is mine. Had I, or *Newcastle*, acted ſo diametrically oppoſite to our declarations and opinions as you did, the people would, with great

great reaſon and pleaſure, have fixed our heads on *Temple-Bar.*

HAYES.

I ſuppoſe you mean in reſpect to the *G——n* war. I'll own that meaſure was abſolutely againſt my opinion: but had I refuſed engaging in it, my whole plan would have been ſpoiled; a man who embarks in the road of ambition muſt ſtop at nothing; I found I muſt either carry on a w—r in *G——y*, or be no m——r: you may ſuppoſe I did not heſitate long: but the greateſt attempt of my life was to go into this meaſure, and yet retain my popularity, and influence in P——t. I had often made many fine ſpeeches to delude and blind the h——, and lead them on a wrong ſcent, but never before attempted at once to perſuade them that black was white, after having ſpent half my life in explaining and ſhowing them how black was really

black. But with an honeſt bronze I boldly aſſerted that all my paſt ſpeeches were made on the wrong ſide of the queſtion—that a *G*——*n* war was of the greateſt advantage to *England*—and to conclude all, that I regretted the folly of my paſt conduct in oppoſing that great man S— *R*— *W*——.

## Holland.

The eyes of the good people of *England* have not always been the cleareſt of any nation in *Europe*.

## Hayes.

A well conducted impudence, properly ſeaſoned with hypocriſy, cannot but ſucceed in ſuch a country as ours. I found it ſo. My ad——— has ſufficiently diſplayed my abilities. I ſucceeded a m———y, pardon my freedom, that had done nothing: by a happy temerity, I rolled the *Britiſh* thunder through every quarter of the globe; the

the lightening of her arms blaz'd in every corner of the world, and flaſhed confuſion in the faces of her enemies: I rouſed the ſinking courage of my countrymen: I exerted that latent force, which only wanted to be called to action: guided by my power, the fleets of *Britain* ſailed unreſiſted to the remoteſt regions: her armies marched, but to enjoy conqueſt; and her commanders reaped unfading laurels in regions hitherto unknown. Such is the picture of thoſe glorious and ſtriking days, in which I conducted the r——m of *Britain*.

HOLLAND.

But you have given a partial repreſentation. The ſtateſman who winds up the calamitous affairs of war; and who crowns martial ſucceſſes with a glorious peace, deſerves more of his country, than him who ſcatters conqueſts throughout the world. That did not you——

HAYES.

HAYES.

I know it well, and to reverſe the medal, I acted in ſuch a manner, as to render it impoſſible for any m———r that came after me, to make a good p——e. I gained all the honour of the w--r, and left others to reap the infamy of a p———. While my ad—— was graced by conqueſt after conqueſt, I was running the nation deep into a c———l war, which, I was ſenſible, muſt ruin all the good I did elſewhere. I ſpared no expence, but increaſed the national d—t in ſuch an amazing manner, that all future m———rs will find the ſeat I reſigned a moſt uneaſy one. Whenever a peace comes to be concluded, I know the greateſt part of my boaſted conqueſts muſt go to ſet affairs right in *G———y*; but I knew that buſineſs would not fall to my lot.

HOL-

HOLLAND.

I am not ſurpriſed at your acting in this manner; but loſt in wonder, when I conſider the folly of the nation.

HAYES.

Some penetrating minds were not to be ſo eaſily impoſed on: they began to clamour in the H——: theſe I left to *N*——, to *B*——, and others were blinded with the flowers of oratory—the rhetoric of eloquence.

HOLLAND.

On the whole, you have certainly managed admirably, and may now enjoy the fruits of your labour. I, alſo, have no reaſon to be diſſatisfied, we have both acted prudently: But what would the mob ſay, if they knew of our intimacy?

HAYES.

HAYES.

Nothing is ſo eaſily blinded: I have ſtudied the mob all my life, and think I am pretty deeply read in its conſtitution. But no more of that. Adieu.

HOLLAND.

Farewel.

DIALOGUE

## DIALOGUE III.

### The R—— H———— the E—l of P———E and Mr. R——.

R——:

OH! my L—d, your arguments are poor and weak: mere ſubtle diſtinctions, which vice requires to quibble away our ideas of virtue, honour, and conſcience. In your cooler hours, you will think very differently. Not wronged her!

P——E.

No; I ſay, not wronged her. Heaven knows when I married her, I thought and fully believed that I ſhould always make her the beſt of huſbands: ſhe loved me with a pure and ſincere paſſion; an affection

tion that could not ſee the ſlights I afterwards put on her without the moſt agonizing pain. Reſolve me this queſtion, Mr. *R*——, which is the moſt cutting, when we love without our paſſion being mutual, to live with the object of our affection, and receive every day proofs of coolneſs and neglect, or be ſeparated, and at the ſame time that we part for ever from what is dear to us, part alſo from the ſtings of a paſſion no longer reciprocal, which dart with double ſwiftneſs, when they come immediately from the object of ———

R——.

I underſtand your meaning: but if you poſſeſs that delicacy of paſſion which cannot bear to ſee one you have loved, unhappy, and which would hurry you to part from your wife, becauſe you no longer love her; why did you not carry this ſame delicacy farther, and not, by the ſame action

tion which ruined the quiet of one woman, deſtroy that alſo of another?

P———E.

Another? What is it you mean?

R———.

Aye, my L—d, you ſtart now at ſuch a thought. Deſtroy her quiet! No, rather deſtroy yourſelf for ever! Theſe may, perhaps, be your ſentiments at preſent; but the man that has once been falſe to one valuable woman, ought never to be truſted with another: now you would ſhudder at the thoughts of quitting Miſs *H*— as you have done L—y *P*———*e*; but what ſtronger reaſon has ſhe to expect conſtancy in you, than your wife had when ſhe married you? Has ſhe ſo much? Is the hazard ſhe runs no greater? Can you yourſelf, my L—d, anſwer for the changes that may happen in your affections?

P———E.

P———E.

Ridiculous! Oh! heavens! I love her with all the ———

R———.

Paſſion poſſible. I believe you do at preſent; but were not your ſentiments exactly the ſame when you married? I'll anſwer for it, you then thought you ſhould be ever conſtant; you know yourſelf you married for love.

P———E.

But, Mr. *R*———, is not human nature, from the imbecility inherent in it, liable to theſe changes, and new impreſſions, which you ſeem to condemn ſo much?

R———.

I am far, very far, from giving to man a ſtability and regularity of paſſion, which I know

I know are foreign to his nature: but the moſt violent paſſions, if they are not to be quite extinguiſhed, are moſt certainly to be regulated: paſſion is a tree whoſe roots cannot be deſtroyed; but the too luxuriant branches many be pruned. Was it a natural conſequence, that becauſe you no longer loved L—y *P———e*, you ſhould hurl another Lady to utter deſtruction? Sudden paſſions may catch the unwary ſingle men and women; and, from a knowledge of the innocence of love, they fall frequently into unhappy connections. Here, my Lord, misfortunes may attend them, but they may not be owing to vicious paſſions: but when a man has plighted his vows of love and conſtancy, in the moſt ſolemn manner; when the laws, not only of God, but man, are called on to ratify the ſincerity of his oaths:—when theſe are broke, my Lord,—when they are trampled under feet—when no tie, however ſolemn,

can reſtrain the paſſions of a vicious man; when wife, family, country, and reputation, all fly before the ſuperior influence of vice—Can that man, my L—d, be juſtified?

P———E.

You ſeem utterly to miſunderſtand me. As to laws of God, and man, and marriage, and ſo forth, I ſhall not enter into a diſpute with you about them. But the queſtion may be reduced to much more ſimple principles: I engaged to love my wife—True; but could I engage to continue that love longer than human nature would permit me? Nature is a direction above all the conſiderations that can be named; and when I no longer loved her, was it doing her any injury to remove daily neglects and coolneſſes?

R———.

Your L—d—p's is the ſtrangeſt logic

gic I ever heard, mere begging the queſtion; and is really ſo very abſurd, that it would be a weakneſs to attempt an anſwer to it: but pray what conſideration induced you to ruin the Lady you really did love? Was that nature too?

P———.

I cannot ſee how I ruined her, unleſs you try it by the very vulgareſt notions of ruin: we loved each other paſſionately, and as we could not gratify our affections at home, why we went abroad.

R———.

Oh! a mere trifle—to be ſure. I juſt now mentioned a ſuppoſition, which I muſt here repeat; if you change, and love her no more, certainly ſhe is not ruined in the leaſt! I mean according to your notions; to mine, ſhe is ruined already. Conſider the affair more ſeriouſly, my L—d: this poor

unhappy girl has left every thing to go off with you; ſhe has in that action forfeited every thing that ought to be held dear and ſacred by her ſex; her reputation is loſt; her modeſty, that charm that renders woman amiable, is ſacrificed. What character —what good name, *that immediate jewel of our ſouls*, can ſhe now poſſeſs? Is adultery no crime? If you think divine laws of little account, are thoſe of your country ſo? Aye, my Lord, conſider your actions by any but the moſt abſurd criterions, and they will appear in their native blackneſs: all the quibbles you can call to your aſſiſtance, will not be able to quiet the ſtings of conſcience, which you will certainly feel, if you live, when you are no longer blinded by paſſion. But ſuppoſe all theſe aſſertions prove falſe, ſtill ſhe is ruined, if we conſider only her mere ſituation in life, independent of morality or reputation. That inconſtancy in your diſpoſition which made

made you falſe to L——y *P*——*e*, will, by and by, occaſion your leaving Miſs *H*——. There can be little doubt of this; and what will her condition be then? You own yourſelf you have made no ſettlement on her, and that ſhe will not accept it: it is a thouſand to one if her family would receive her—and moſt certainly not in the manner they formerly did. They may maintain her, but all the comforts of life will be gone. Therefore, what courſe can ſhe take when that moment arrives? Conſider, my Lord, the ſtate from which your wickedneſs and her own has lowered her. She enjoyed many friends—the love of her parents—ſhe lived in affluence: her life was eaſe and pleaſure: how unlike from what ſhe muſt inevitably be reduced to!

P——E.

All the mere phantoms of your ridiculous imagination! Can you think me ſuch a

brute as ever to let her want, even ſuppoſing, what will never happen, that I no longer loved her?

R——.

Unfortunate young creature: dear will ſhe pay for her folly! Let her want! what comfort will that be! My L——d, there is no arguing with a man, whoſe underſtanding is ſo clouded with paſſion as your's now is; but I hope I ſhall, one day or other, ſee you with a very different opinion.

DIALOGUE

# DIALOGUE IV.

D——D G——K, Eſq; and W——M W——D, Eſq;

G——K.

THERE can be no doubt of that, the verſification is elegant, and has ſomething in it which reminds us of *Pope*.

W——D.

Very true——You, I ſuppoſe, are in the ſecret; pray how came the *R-ſch——d* to occaſion the author's quarrel with ſo many people that are not on the ſtage?

G——K.

I can only form conjectures; the freedom of the criticiſms on many of the actors

diſobliged them and their friends: the ſatire on Mr. *M*———*y* certainly occaſioned the paper-war between them.

W———D.

Which was carried on, I think, in rather an illiberal manner.

G———K.

In ſome reſpects it was indelicate. Mr. *C*———*l* was to blame to let private pique influence him in the additions he made to his poem. A fair and candid criticiſm ought to have been its only aim: but Mr. *M*———*y* having retorted the firſt attack on him as an actor, *C*———*l* ſatirized him as a man and an author.

W———D.

That was ill-judged. But did Mr. *M*———*y* purſue a different courſe? His ſatire, I apprehend, was not perſonal!

G———K.

G——K.

Who was firſt to blame, I ſhall not pretend to pronounce; but it ſoon became perſonal on both ſides. Mr. *M*——*y*, particularly in two poems, called, "An "Ode to the Naiads of *Fleet-ditch*," and "The Examiner," laſhed his antagoniſt with great ſeverity, and brought ſome very heavy accuſations againſt him, not only as a critic, but which tended abſolutely to ruin his character among all virtuous men. I hoped Mr. *C*——*l* would have publiſhed a refutation to thoſe charges.

W——D.

But, I think, he has never done it.

G——K.

Not yet. I may miſtake the meaning of the author, but I look upon theſe lines as ſomething of an apology for his life: they

are

are in his poem lately publiſhed, *The Ghoſt.*

If, in the giddy hours of youth,
My conſtant ſoul adher'd to truth;
If, from the time I firſt wrote man,
I ſtill purſu'd thy ſacred plan,
Tempted by intereſt in vain,
To wear mean falſhood's golden chain;
If, for a ſeaſon drawn away,
Starting from virtue's path aſtray,
All low diſguiſe I ſcorn'd to try,
And dar'd to ſin, but not to lie.

W——D.

Your quoting the *Ghoſt*, reminds me of the character of *Pompoſo* in it. Had Mr. *J——n* any quarrel with *C——l*, that he attacked him too?

G——K.

I never heard of any. Mr. *J——n* may have his failings; but, I think, his many and

and great excellencies, both as a man and a writer, ought to have exempted him from ſuch an attack.

W——D.

I own I am of your opinion: Mr. *J——n*'s name will be immortal, and admired by a whole nation, when the *Ghoſt* will be vaniſhed. I think Mr. *L——d* has been pretty roughly handled in this literary war.

G——K.

*M——y* alſo attacked him too. He publiſhed an epiſtle to his friend *C——l*, in which he reflected on Mr. *M——y*; and, in return, his character was made as free with as the other's. I am ſorry they do not think their characters as well worth defending, as their poetry. The latter will ſpeak for itſelf, but the former can be known to but few.

W——D.

W——D.

Mr. *C——l*'s reputation as a poet, I ſuppoſe, has drawn many little impotent attacks on him, which he laughs at.

G——K.

A man can gain a reputation in no profeſſion or ſtudy, without his gaining enemies. *C——l* enjoys the ſame fate as his great nameſake, the ſcourge of *France*; flies will buz, and try to ſting. One attack was a very ſtrange one. The writer of the *Critical Review*, when firſt the *R——ſc——d* came out, gave it a very great character. *C——l*, it ſeems, deſpiſed his praiſe, and, in his *Apology*, ſatirized him: ſince that time the *Critical Review* has abuſed every thing he has wrote.

W——D.

What critics!

G——K.

G——K.

There has been ſeveral pamphlets publiſhed againſt him: the beſt of them, that I chanced to meet with, was the *Retort*; who wrote it I know not, but they ſay ſome friend of Mr. *M*——*y*'s, whom *C*——*l* hooked into his ſatire. There is a good deal of ſatirical poetry in it. I believe the laſt thing that came out againſt him was a pamphlet called *Day*. They ſay *C*——*l* never ſatirized its author; and if that is the caſe, he had certainly no buſineſs to intermeddle: he has collected all the accuſations againſt him, to very little purpoſe, as they moſt undoubtedly were as ſtrong before, as after his quoting them. But it is a trumpery affair, and beneath Mr. *C*——*l*'s notice.

W——D.

Mr. *C*——*n*, I think, was alſo engaged in this quarrel.

G——K.

G——k.

Oh! dear, Mr. *W——d*, it would be endleſs to name every poet that has burnt his fingers in it: but I believe Mrs. *G——k* waits for us. I'll follow you, Sir.

DIALOGUE

# DIALOGUE V.

JOHN H—L, M. D. and C. C——L.

C——L.

HA! my dear Mrs. *C*——, *S*——, how——.

H——L.

Phoo! —— Prithee, *C*——*l*.

C——L.

Oh! you are out of humour? What—— I ſuppoſe *L*——*d* will not give up his opinion?

H——L.

His opinion is an abſurd one: why the greateſt admirers of Mr. *G*——*k* allow, that he cannot act the gentleman.

C——L.

C——L.

Nonſenſe—prejudice—and abſurdity!

H——L.

But Mrs. *C——r* has always the eaſe of the lady of faſhion; more natural, more finiſhed in her performance.

C——L.

Dr. *H—l*, it is amazing to me, that you can let your prejudice blind you ſo far. I never had any thoughts of comparing theſe two inimitable perſons; they are both excellent: but you could not reſtrain your violent praiſes, but muſt aſſert that Mr. *G——k* is much beneath Mrs. *C——r* as an actor. My writings will prove, in the ſtrongeſt manner, how much I feel and own Mrs. *C——r*'s excellencies: but I muſt at the ſame time aſſert, ſince you will compare them, that Mr. *G——k* is, beyond

beyond all compariſon, far—infinitely ſuperior to any other actor or actreſs. There may be ſeveral men who can act particular parts better than him; but form one idea of him from his general performance, and that idea muſt be greater than any you can have of Mrs. *C——r*. What a genius muſt that actor have who is ſo equally great both in tragedy and comedy as ——.

H——L.

You are coming now to his univerſality, which ought not to be the criterion to judge him by. A poet may be equally great in many ſpecies of poetry, but one *Homer*, one *Shakeſpeare*, is far ſuperior: had *Dryden* only wrote his muſic ode, would he not have been infinitely greater than a poet who ſhould compoſe indifferent verſes of many kinds?

E C——L.

C——L.

I grant it: and that great genius is Mr. *G——k*. Without naming his universality, take him only in one character and Mrs. *C——r* in one, and how far beyond her will he he appear? Nay, so much greater is he, that I believe many judges would hesitate which character to chuse.

H——L.

I should suppose Mrs. *C——r* to act *Alicia*. In that part I take her to be greater than Mr. *G——k* is in any one. But you will give me leave to observe, that although I do not think universality to be the just criterion; yet the general excellence of Mrs. *C——r*, in tragedy, will ballance that of Mr *G——k*.

C——L.

You will excuse my being of a quite different

ferent opinion. In oppoſition to *Alicia* I ſhall name *Lear:* Sure you muſt allow that there can be no compariſon between them?

H——L.

If you mean in reſpect to the poet, I allow it; but to the acting, how amazingly great is ſhe in the mad ſcene? with what judgment ſhe acts the firſt ſcene? Every actreſs that ever performed the part, miſtook it; they all were violent and paſſionate in it: but ſhe is the eaſy gentlewoman; the paſſionate part of the character does not begin there: when it does, how great ſhe is!

C——L.

Once more I allow Mrs. *C——r*'s merit, but why will you compare her to what is greater? Take the whole character of *Alicia*, conſider her performance of it with the exacteſt attention, and you will find

that *Lear* is far, very far beyond it. There are ſuch numbers of ſudden tranſitions in it that expreſs the impetuoſity of conflicting paſſions, ſo many ſtrokes that ſpeak the immediate turn of his ſoul, as render it much more difficult to act with ſpirit than *Alicia*; and the performance of it infinitely greater. If you conſider any particular ſcene, the ſame ſuperiority will appear.

H——L.

I apprehend the madneſs of *Alicia* is greater than that of *Lear*.

C———L.

Much inferior to it: I do not recollect one ſtriking tranſition in all her madneſs —Nay, not in the whole part; but there are many in that of *Lear*, which ſpeak the vaſt powers of Mr. *G*———*k* in the ſtrongeſt manner. The madneſs of *Alicia* is reckoned the greateſt ſcene in the part; but that

is

is not the caſe in *Lear:* the laſt ſcene in the play is beyond it, and exceeds every thing in acting that ever was performed —Again, if we take any ſingle ſpeech, any particular ſtroke in *Alicia*, that is remarkably great, I can name another in *Lear* that ſhall exceed it.

H——L.

You do not ſeem to conſider the difference between Mr. *Rowe* and *Shakeſpeare*: What vaſt advantages muſt his writing give an actor?

C——L.

That objection is as weak as any of the foregoing: the general caſt of the ſpeeches in *Lear* are certainly greater than in *Alicia*; but I ſhould never produce thoſe fine paſſages, in which all the pomp, and all the nature of language is exhauſted, as proofs of Mr. *G——k*'s greatneſs: there are

three particular ſtrokes in which he is truly amazing, and you will not find he is greatly indebted to the poet in them; I mean, compared to many others. After killing the two men that were binding *Cordelia*, the duke comes in, and one of his attendants ſays, *See where the generous king has killed two of them!* He replies, *Did I not fellow?* What ſpeech in *Alicia* can be compared to this, and yet one cannot ſay that the merit is in the poetry? *Lear* hears the good news, and cries out, *Is it poſſible!* And concludes the ſpeech with, *Old* Lear *ſhall be a king again!* Theſe are the three ſtrokes, Doctor, which I cannot help regarding as the very triumph of acting. Nothing in *Alicia* can be compared with them.

H—L.

I will freely own Mr. *G——k*, in the parts you mention, is prodigiouſly great; but

but yet I cannot agree that he is greater than Mrs. *C———r*.

C——L.

Meer prejudice, believe me. There are many other arguments that might be produced to prove it. I have named only *Lear*; but in *Richard*, *Hamlet*, nay even in *Haſtings*, as long as he is on the ſtage with her, he equals her. But how infinitely in the two former characters.

H——L.

So alſo is Mrs. *C———r* in *Zara*, *Cordelia*, *Ophelia*, and *Sigiſmunda*, beſides many more.

C——L.

If you name every part ſhe acts, it would not do your argument the leaſt ſervice: his *Luſignan*, ſhort as it is, is equal to her *Zara*: his *Tancred* the ſame: and as for the other

two parts, they will not bear a compariſon with his. But I have hitherto confined myſelf to his tragic parts: Sure it is the ſtrongeſt proof of genius, that he is equally great in both tragedy and comedy; in each beyond any mortal that ever exiſted. *Bayes*, *Abel Drugger*, *Ranger*, *Felix*, *Kitely*, *Benedict*, and twenty other parts, in which he is inimitable. Will you compare Mrs. C——*r* to him in comedy?

H——L.

No, there I give her up; tho' in *Indiana* I think her very great.

C——L.

In the moving ſcene ſhe is, but three parts in four of the play is plain dialogue, in which ſhe is abominably inſipid.

H——L.

Inſipid! Nothing but that grace and eaſe which

which ſpeaks a high ſtation in life. She is the gentlewoman.

C——L.

Which on the ſtage is horrid. Suppoſe a poet was to copy the converſation of polite people exactly; what a comedy would it make! Suppoſe Mr. *G——k* had no more action on the ſtage than in his own houſe; what an actor would he be!

H——L.

But there is an elegance, a finiſhing in Mrs. *C——r*'s acting, that cannot but pleaſe highly; Mr. *G——k* very often deſcends below himſelf, and commits more faults than Mrs. *C——r*; the former may, perhaps, have *more* ſurprizing ſtrokes, in number I mean, but the latter has nothing abſurd in her, nothing low.

C——L.

C——L.

I perceive you are beginning to come round to my opinion; you have hit off now. What has been ſaid of Homer and Virgil is, in ſome meaſure, applicable to G——k and Mrs. C——r, not but there is a greater difference between the latter than the former. G——k has the moſt genius, Mrs. C——r the moſt elegance. G——k hurries and tranſports us with a commanding impetuoſity, C——r pleaſes with graceful eaſe, G——k ſcatters with a generous profuſion, C——r beſtows with a careful negligence. G——k, like the *Nile*, pours out his riches with a boundleſs overflow; C——r like a river in its banks, with a gentle ſtream. On the ſtage, methinks, they reſemble their reſpective poets. G——k, boundleſs and irreſiſtible as *Shakeſpeare*, bears all before him, and ſhines more and more as the paſſion riſes.

C——r

*C*———*r*, calm and delicate as *Rowe*, diffuſes an elegance around her, and pleaſes in the ſcenes of madneſs. Mrs. *C*———*r* moves, *G*———*k* commands. If the one attracts our approbation, the other ſnatches our applauſe; the former moves the heart to pity in the pathetic; the latter ſuſpends the ſoul in wonder in the paſſionate.

H——L.

Enough, Sir: you take great pains to prove your point; but I muſt at leaſt think her equal to Mr. *G*———*k*.

C———L.

If you would entirely diveſt yourſelf of your prejudice, you would not do that. But I won't tire your patience with a multitude of inſtances, which would prove what I aſſert as clear as the ſun at noon-day. I ſhall leave you to enjoy your miſtaken opinion: when you have conſidered it with more attention, you will wonder at your own abſurdity in ſo long defending ſo bad an argument.

# DIALOGUE VI.

## J. J. Rousseau, and M. de Voltaire.

Voltaire.

YOUR modesty, M. *Rousseau*, makes you wave the conversation; but from the moment I learnt your generous behaviour to my niece, it was impossible for me to resist the moving impulse which made me long to call you my friend.

Rousseau.

The differences which happen between men engaged in literary pursuits, do great discredit to their philosophy: the distance which has long been kept betwixt us has often given me great pain; and I rejoice equally with you at this our perfect reconciliation.

Vol-

VOLTAIRE.

It was indeed a very diſagreeable circumſtance, that two authors, who engaged in much the ſame amuſements, and who lived ſo near each other, ſhould not even be acquainted. The only connection between us, if it can be called by that name, was what aroſe from ——

ROUSSEAU.

Since it is over, let us for the future cultivate that friendſhip which I feel the greateſt inclination to render laſting.

VOLTAIRE.

Believe me, I am not behind you in that wiſh. But, *Rouſſeau*, permit me to make ſome apology for a late tranſaction, which muſt have appeared to you in a very dark light. That ſketch which was called a criticiſm on your *Eloiſa*, and which firſt ſaw the

the light in *England*, was a villainous, ſurreptitious eſſay, publiſhed and even compiled without my knowledge.

ROUSSEAU.

Oh! never ———

VOLTAIRE.

You muſt know, about the time that the world was favoured with that admirable book, I was engaged in a correſpondence with Monſ. *de R———m*; ſcattered throughout a multitude of letters, I wrote him ſome remarks that I made on *Eloiſa*. I gave an opinion in favour of the numerous beauties with which it abounds: I pointed out ſeveral paſſages which I thought faulty: theſe laſt were collected by an *Engliſh* Lady, with whom Monſ. *R———m* was intimate, and to whom he was ſo unjuſt to friendſhip, as to communicate my letters. This Lady, whoſe wit exceeded her

her good nature, tortured my meaning and expreſſion in ſeveral paſſages, and collecting every ſtroke againſt that work together, ſent it over to be printed in the *Engliſh* journals. It did not, as you may ſuppoſe, loſe any acrimony in the tranſlation. Such, Monſ. *Rouſſeau*, are the tricks, not to ſay the misfortunes, which men of any reputation in the belles lettres are ſubject to. But as this affair had a falſe appearance, it certainly was not impertinent to undeceive you.

ROUSSEAU.

Enough, Sir: I read the criticiſm, and have conſidered of ſeveral hints it contained. There was ſome ill-nature in it; but I did not apprehend it to be the production of your pen.

VOLTAIRE.

Believe me, my ſentiments of *Eloiſa* were very different from thoſe. It was impoſ-

impoſſible for me not to admire the admirable picture of nature and love in the firſt part of that work; of all the writers of fiction, you have ſucceeded far the beſt in painting amiable paſſions; never was the ſilent progreſs of love expreſſed in a more natural manner; never did any man penetrate deeper into the original emotions of the human heart, and pourtray them with ſuch exact diſtinctions.

ROUSSEAU.

Stop, my good friend: I claim not theſe pains.

VOLTAIRE.

But all the world allows you deſerve them—Yet to ſhew you that I can judge with the malice of a friend, I think there are ſeveral conſpicuous faults in *Eloiſa*. One of its greateſt excellencies is the manner in which you have ſupported their characters;

racters; but *Eloiſa* in proſtituting herſelf deviates from the general caſt of her actions and ſentiments; or, in other words, ſhe acts quite oppoſite to her character: Unnaturally, you have drawn her quite the being of another world, for I cannot conceive this contains an original; therefore, unleſs you choſe to give her a daſh of worldly weakneſs, I know not why you made her act in that manner.

ROUSSEAU.

Proceed; your criticiſms pleaſe me.

VOLTAIRE.

In the latter part of the work, all is fairy-land. There is a ſomething throughout it which I think unnatural. Every ſpeech, every thought, every action of your characters, then appear too much ſtudied; they want eaſe; and *Eloiſa*'s declaration that if ſhe was ſingle and free, ſhe ſhould chuſe

*Wolmar* and not her lover, is to the higheſt degree extravagant, becauſe her philoſophy could not dictate ſuch a thought. I think I alſo obſerve a contradiction in *Wolmar*'s character: I lay it down as a poſition that there is no ſuch thing as an atheiſt in the civilized world; but to paint one of an incomparable underſtanding, and that poſſeſſes a large ſhare of ſublime philoſophy, is abſurd and contrary to nature.

ROUSSEAU.

In this work the chief characters are very remarkable perſons, and, I believe, in many reſpects truly original. A ſet of characters evidently diſtinguiſhed from the generality of mankind, acting together in one little confederacy, if I may expreſs myſelf ſo, certainly muſt produce ſome actions, and occaſion ſentiments, that appear extravagant, and out of nature.

VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE.

Your explication is ingenious—But do not let us ſay any more of objections to a work that is ſo full of great and ſhining beauties. What juſt critic employs himſelf in pointing out, perhaps, imaginary defects, in *Dante*, *Vega*, or *Shakeſpeare?*

ROUSSEAU.

You eſteem the book much beyond its value.

VOLTAIRE.

Not in the leaſt. I never read any thing that gave me more pleaſure. You have drawn characters that are worthy of imitation: you have painted nature in her moſt beautiful colours: you have wrote a book that tends to improve mankind; and muſt particularly have a fine effect on the inhabitants of the country, who imagine that

great cities are the regions of happineſs. But pray, *Rouſſeau*, how can you reconcile your *Eloiſa* with the diſcourſe on the inequality among mankind: you there aſſert, *that a ſtate of reflection is a ſtate againſt nature; and that the man who meditates is a depraved animal.* How contrary is this to the picture you have drawn of human nature in *Eloiſa!*

ROUSSEAU.

I grant that there is a great difference between man, as I have drawn him in *Eloiſa* and the diſcourſe you mention; but yet the above aſſertion will continue juſt: Man was in a ſtate of nature before the invention of the arts and ſciences gave riſe to that infinity of wants and deſires that have made him a depraved animal; but after a ſyſtem of art had overſpread the whole face of nature, then the picture we draw of man muſt neceſſarily be very different. In my diſcourſe

diſcourſe I deſcribe him as he ought always to have been, without change—But in *Eloiſa* I paint him as he ought to be after a total alteration has taken place.

VOLTAIRE.

My writings ſufficiently explain the ſentiments I entertain of mankind; but yet I muſt own, I think that there is a little contradiction in your works.

ROUSSEAU.

I believe, if you conſider the diſtinction I made juſt now, that imaginary contradiction will not appear.

VOLTAIRE.

I give up the opinion for the preſent, but I ſhall read them often again with the greateſt pleaſure, and may then be perfectly convinced—I lately read your *Emilius*

with attention, and think it one of the beſt treatiſes on education I ever peruſed.

ROUSSEAU.

You are pleaſed to compliment much to-day.

VOLTAIRE.

No compliments, but my real ſentiments. You have handled the ſubject in the moſt judicious and entertaining manner poſſible: In a word, you write like a poet and a philoſopher.

ROUSSEAU.

You muſt excuſe my taking leave: you give my pieces a much greater character than they deſerve. I ſhould think they had great merit, if I could unite, like you, the philoſophy of good ſenſe, with all the charms of language. Adieu.

DIA-

# DIALOGUE VII.

The R—— H—— L—d L———,
and the Rev. Mr. H——D.

H——D.

YOUR L——d——p's obſervation is very juſt: the *Engliſh* theatre is certainly barren of good comedies. We have more excellent tragedies than comedies; and it would be difficult to point out the reaſon, by a philoſophical enquiry, into the character of the nation.

L———N.

Such an enquiry, I ſhould think, would turn out not only entertaining, but inſtructive; indeed it would anſwer the end of making it. It might be ſhewed, that the *Engliſh* are of a much more gloomy, tragic

diſpoſition, than our ſouthern neighbours; and as thoſe delicate organs, on which the imagination depends, may be more ſolid here than elſewhere, the general caſt of the nation has more of the tragic than comic in it; and why ſhould not ſo general an influence have effect on our poets?

H——D.

It is impoſſible to draw evident and juſt concluſions from ſuch abſtruſe maxims: but what is to me more ſurpriſing, is the want of original characters in almoſt all our comedies.

L——N.

Your remark is very true: we have but few real originals on our comic theatre.

H——D.

It has been often obſerved, that no other nation in the world has ſuch a vaſt variety of

of characters as *England*: conſequently one would ſuppoſe, that our comedies ſhould abound with originals; but as the caſe is otherwiſe, we muſt attribute this almoſt univerſal defect to a want of genius in the comic writers.

L———N.

Why ſo?

H—D.

Becauſe, if they poſſeſſed it, they would certainly paint from nature, and not copy one another: they would make more penetrating remarks on human nature:—If they had the genius to ſee them, there are always real originals among mankind; but it requires great penetration to diſcover thoſe that really are ſo: a ſuperficial obſerver will overlook a thouſand traits that mark and diſtinguiſh a man from all others. The Abbé *du Bos* has a remark that is extremely

tremely juſt. "To have," ſays he, "a "diſtinct and juſt idea of what can form a "character, requires a capacity of diſcern- "ing three or four touches that belong to "a man's peculiar character, among "twenty or thirty things which he ſays or "does in common with the reſt of man- "kind." Nothing can be more apt than this obſervation; and how much penetration is neceſſary to form a juſt notion of theſe ſtrokes, in a man, whoſe paſſions and inclinations are complicated and contradictory!

L———N.

The remark is certainly juſt.

H——D.

Therefore a poet, to draw an original character, muſt collect thoſe touches that diſtinguiſh a man: he muſt penetrate into their effects, obſerve their variations thro' age,

age, intereſt, or other cauſes of changes; he muſt ſeparate them from what only ſeems original, but in reality is indifferent to mankind: from theſe ſtrokes, thus carefully collected, an original character muſt be formed.

L——N.

Such a taſk requires not only genius but experience.

H——D.

Undoubtedly: *Moliere* compoſed much better comedies at fifty, than he did in his younger years; and our *Shakeſpeare* drew his *Falſtaff* after writing many of his other pieces. The fire of imagination is required for tragedy; but the cool remarks of experience are neceſſary to paint original comic characters.

L——N.

L———N.

Yet there are ſome inſtances to the contrary.

H——D.

There are: but the moſt ſhining characters comedy ever exhibited, will not be in the number.

L———N.

You ſeem, by diſplaying the united powers neceſſary to compoſe a comic character, to infer, that a fine comedy is a greater production than a noble tragedy: I am of a very different opinion.

H—D.

And ſo am I, my L—d. I look upon a fine heroic poem, under which title I include tragedy, to be the moſt exalted effort

of

of the human imagination; but, when I mentioned comedy, I did not compare it with tragedy: I only obſerved, that it required more experience—What noble tragedies have been compoſed between five and twenty and thirty; but it has been otherwiſe with comedies: nor can we wonder at it—A poet, when he compoſes the plan of a tragedy, goes back into diſtant periods of time, and paints characters that, perhaps, are little known: he may even invent them—Thus, his audience, who have little or no acquaintance with his originals, can form no compariſons between them and his copies. He muſt, indeed, give his characters manners and language; but then the whole ſcheme of the piece may all be the product of his fancy, without any foundation in nature. May I aſſert that *Cato* is ſuch a tragedy? No character in that play ſpeaks experience in its author—There is little or nothing in it, but what a very young

young man of genius might have wrote—yet how great is its fame! Mr. *Addiſon* may have committed many miſtakes, as he certainly did, in painting the manners of the *Romans*; but are the generality of mankind learned enough to perceive them?

L———N.

But is not this the ſame in comedy?

H——D.

Far from it: In our beſt comedies, and thoſe of moſt nations, the poet catches the preſent moment, he diſplays the character and manners of the time in which he writes, on the ſtage; he ridicules the faſhionable follies and foibles—In ſhort, every mortal is acquainted with his originals—There is nobody but can judge whether his picture is a juſt one or not; their conſtant obſervation would enable them to ſee the leaſt fault; and

and they accordingly admire a well drawn comic character.

L——N.

But if the judgment of the audience is the criterion, does it not require a great degree of taſte and penetration in them to diſcover the beauties of originality?

H——D.

The beauties of originality are thoſe of a well drawn character, which is like a fine picture. Does it require the ſame genius to judge of a piece of *Raphael*, as it did to paint it? Does not every day's experience tell us, that a good comic character meets with the public approbation? Many declare, without conſideration, that ſuch or ſuch characters pleaſe them; that they are originals; and that they diſplay the genius of the poet: yet theſe men, who form ſuch juſt judgments, would be utterly unable to develop

develop the cauſes of their approbation, to perceive every particular ſtroke that is original. Others will let none eſcape their obſervation, but yet ſhall not have that ſpecies of abilities which is neceſſary to write comedy themſelves. Therefore, my L—d, ſince the comic writer paints the preſent times, he muſt neceſſarily poſſeſs a large ſhare of experience, as well as genius: he muſt form the moſt accurate opinions of the men and manners of his acquaintance: he muſt not only perceive the actions and real ſentiments of mankind, but muſt diſtinguiſh the paſſions from which they ſpring: he muſt mark the traits that diſplay the boundaries, if I may uſe the expreſſion, of one paſſion from thoſe of another: he muſt ſeparate original paſſions, from thoſe emotions, which are but effects; and thoſe ſenſible impreſſions which the ſoul receives from external objects. In ſhort, his ſtudy ought to be that of human nature in the

original

original—but not the falſe picture of her which many authors have drawn.

L———N.

I enter into the ſpirit of your reaſoning; but you have formed ſo high an idea of original character, that I fear the whole range of comedy will preſent us with but very few.

H——D.

Perfect originals, I grant it; but there are many excellent characters which may come into the claſs, though in ſome meaſure faulty; yet the greateſt difficulty in forming an idea of them will ariſe from not diſtinguiſhing with preciſion, the difference between originality of paſſion and originality of character; a poet may paint the one in a comedy, and with great ſucceſs, but fail in the other. But if we examine many characters, we ſhall find the paſſion ſo well

adapted to the perſonage, as to form perfect originality. Your L—d—p will allow that this is the caſe with *Falſtaff*, *Benedict*, and *Beatrice*; alſo in *Kitely*, *Bayes*, and *Vellum*. *Ranger* I have often doubted, but I believe it will be found, on a ſtrict examination, really original. There are many more, but I do not at preſent recollect all that might be named. Sir *Brilliant Faſhion* is another; and a truly comic one.

L——N.

Sir *Brilliant Faſhion*, I think, is drawn in too ridiculous colours to be natural.

H——D.

If we conſider it with ſtrict attention, I believe you will not: The paſſions of mankind are ſo univerſal and ſo various, that, in ſuch a man as Sir *Brilliant*, who is vainly deſirous of being thought faſhionable, his

his foible might be found in ſuch exceſs. *The School for Lovers* is one of the beſt comedies on our ſtage; but yet I am in doubt, whether Sir *John Dorilant* is truly original.

L——N.

The traits of an original character appear ſtrongeſt in a man whoſe paſſions are violent, and of the impetuous kind; ſuſpicion, jealouſy, or revenge—But in a calm picture, of what may be called ſtill life, diſintereſted love, generoſity, and greatneſs of ſoul—the characteriſtical ſtrokes muſt neceſſarily be ſofter, and appear more blended with the general temper of the man.

H——D.

Your L—d—p's obſervation is extremely juſt; and I ſhould moſt willingly aſſent to it, particularly as *The School for Lovers* is a favourite comedy of mine: I admire the noble picture of humanity—the generous

ſentiments—the moving ſcenes—the eaſy language—In ſhort, my L——d, it diſplays characters worthy of imitation.

L——N.

I am of the ſame opinion; but I fear we ſhall be too late for the play, and King *Lear* is a tragedy of which I would not loſe a ſingle word.

H——D.

I am ready to attend your L——d——p.

DIALOGUE

# DIALOGUE VIII.

The Hon. H——E W——E, Eſq;
and D——D H——E, Eſq;

W——E.

SO Mr. *H——e*; I have juſt been to view the exhibition of paintings at the Society's room.

H——E.

Oh! that excellent ſociety, is indeed worthy of ——

W——E.

Every true *Briton*'s beſt wiſhes. We never had any inſtitution of this nature in *England* that equals it; and in ten years we ſhall find more good will reſult from it, than

than from all the learned lumber of the R——l S——, in an hundred——.

H——E.

Indeed I believe it.

W——E.

If it continues with the ſpirit it has hitherto been carried on with, we may ſoon expect to ſee a new taſte for painting and ſculpture riſe in *England* —— the premiums of the ſociety we may hope to be encreaſed by parliament, and emulation firing the breaſts of our *Britiſh* artiſts —— we may one day find that *Britain*, if ſhe cannot rival *France* and *Italy* in painting, may yet produce men whoſe talents will do honour to their country. But whether or not it is attended with ſuch great advantages, it cannot but diffuſe a taſte for the fine arts, which muſt have good effects.

H——E.

H——E.

I have not yet ſeen the exhibition. Are there any good pictures in the room?

W——E.

None that are extraordinary, but many that have great merit. The beſt is King *Stephen* before the Empreſs *Matilda*; a fine piece by *Caſali:* the execution is admirable, but the invention is indifferent, which form both the excellence and defect of moſt of his pictures. *Sampſon* and *Dalilah* is alſo his, and I think one of his beſt pieces; *Dalilah*'s neck is certainly executed in a very beautiful manner: his judgment of *Paris* is very indifferent, except in colouring, which is fine. There are alſo two other pieces by *Caſali*; but they do not merit notice.

H——E.

His *Stephen* and *Matilda*, I think, obtained the prize of hiſtory painting.

W——E.

It had no antagoniſts; nor do I ſuppoſe there is any other man in *England* who could draw ſo fine a piece. Neither the premiums of the ſociety, nor emulation, has yet rouſed the *Britiſh* hiſtory-painters: what pity is it that we cannot produce a painter that ſhould rival the foreigners who ſettle amongſt us!

H——.

Are there any good landſcapes?

W——E.

Three or four; but one by *Smith*, which obtained the prize, has very great merit. There

There are many paintings in almoſt every branch, and ſome of them well executed. Miſs *Read*'s two pieces are ſuperior to many, and do her great honour. There is a great deal of traſh, which ſerve only as foils to ſet off the better performances. But the Chevalier *Caſali* is far ſuperior to any of them. In time, I hope to ſee better pieces exhibited by *Engliſh* artiſts; but painters find portraits ſo much more profitable than the nobler branches of the art, that they neglect them for want of encouragement. Pray heaven may do, what all ſovereigns ſhould for the ſake of their fame, reward thoſe artiſts, whoſe genius is read in their works.

H——E.

Your obſervation is undoubtedly juſt; but thank heaven, we have now a monarch on the throne, who will act the part of the greateſt

greateſt and beſt of ſovereigns.—I was lately at the exhibition of ſign painters.

W——E.

Which I hear was intended to ridicule the ſociety for the encouragement of arts.

H——E.

From what I have heard of Mr. *T——n* I ſhould think he would not act ſo unjuſt and deſpicable a part, as to attempt a ridicule of ſo excellent a deſign. He himſelf has made ſome figure in the Belles Lettres, therefore it would ill-become him to direct his wit againſt the patronage of the fine arts; yet, I own, there were ſome circumſtances that would incline me to ſuſpect him: his advertiſements being always oppoſed to thoſe of the ſociety, and the time of his exhibition beginning, looked a little like it; and in the paragraph of his catalogue where he aſſures us there is no ſuch intention,

tion, is a ſtroke, the concluding one, I mean, which looks rather like a ſneer, than a real apology.

W——E.

If that was his deſign, it is greatly to his diſhonour. Is any body beſides concerned in it?

H——E.

I believe not; Mr. *T——n* has taken down his ſtair-caſe, and made a way to two rooms, one of which, the largeſt, ſeems to be run up for the occaſion. At a large expence, he has collected a great number of groteſque paintings and carricatures; many of which are known, and the likeneſſes well preſerved. When you go, obſerve the *Robin-hood* ſociety, the converſation-piece, and the cuckolds at *Horn Fair*; which three, as well as I remember, are the beſt in the room. One joke is, on each ſide the chimney

chimney are two curtains hanging down, which you would ſuppoſe hid ſomething very curious, but on lifting them up you ſee behind one, Ha! Ha! Ha! and the other He! He! He!

H——E.

I lately read a pamphlet deſigned to ridicule the exhibition, under the title of Ha! Ha! Ha! which they ſay *M*—— wrote.

H——E.

Had the ſcheme been executed at any other time, in a ſomewhat different manner, it would have been a tolerable laughing affair; but the arts and ſciences are ſo much to the honour of any nation, that no ridicule, even in appearance, ſhould be thrown on them.

W——E.

W——E.

True; but particularly in *England*, where the progreſs of ſome is ſo low, and that of others in ſuch decay: we ought to unite every effort to make them flouriſh among us: no expence that the nation incurs in the encouragement of her own artiſts, can be ill laid out.

H——E.

And at preſent it is melancholy to reflect on the utter barrenneſs of many of the fine arts in this kingdom. Painting, ſculpture, and architecture, are at a very low pitch; and many of the branches of polite literature moves in a retrograde courſe. We certainly poſſeſs ſome poets, whoſe works have great merit; but the age is, nevertheleſs, very low in compariſon with others. The moſt trifling performances, on the moſt

moſt trivial ſubjects, are ſufficient to catch the applauſe of the whole nation, works, whoſe evident tendency is to deſtroy every idea of vice and virtue, are read with pleaſure and avidity. In ſhort, the age, I fear, will make a very contemptible figure in the future hiſtories of *Britain*: another, and perhaps a more fruitful period, will deſpiſe the falſe taſte and contemptible productions that mark the manners of the preſent times.

W——E.

But we have ſome artiſts, poets, and others, whoſe works will be immortal.

H——E.

We have; but they are few.

W——E.

In hiſtory and the art of engraving, we exceed any other age of the *Engliſh* hiſtory: my

may I congratulate *Britain* on producing a *Hume*, a *Robertſon*, and a *Strange*.

H——E.

You are pleaſed to compliment.

W——E.

Not in the leaſt; but you will permit me to mention the great merit of Dr. *Robertſon*'s hiſtory, and Mr. *Strange*'s prints. The former is undoubtedly ſuperior to either *Clarendon*, *Bacon*, or *Knowles*; and as for the latter, we all agree he far exceeds any engraver *Britain* ever produced. What noble pieces are *Romulus* and *Remus*, its companion, *Belliſarius*, St. *Agnes*, and the little *Magdalen!* How much ſoftneſs in moſt of his prints, particularly his *Venus!*

H——E.

There is certainly a very large ſhare of merit

merit in many of his pieces, but he has publiſhed ſome indifferent ones.

W——E.

The greateſt artiſts are not always equal; *Dominichino* ſometimes excels even *Raphael* himſelf.

H——E.

Let us hope the ſociety's endeavours will diffuſe a more elegant taſte for the fine arts; and not only raiſe emulation among artiſts, but, in the ſunſhine of encouragement, expand and ripen the bloſſoms of genius into the fruit of perfection.

DIALOGUE

## DIALOGUE IX.

His G—e the D—e of N———, and the R—t H———e the E—l of E———.

N———.

INDEED *E*——— you are right, I never yet experienced ſo critical a time; and if affairs do not take a favourable turn, what we ſhall do I know not.

E———.

So far are we from being able to ſupport two continental wars, that the one we are in already is too much for us: Indeed your G——e muſt allow, that entering into a *P*———*e* war is abſurd ———

H N———.

N——.

I was always of that opinion; your L——p knows very well, that I would never enter into any wars at all, if I could avoid it: I am ſure I was dragged into the p——t one.

E——.

I believe it: your G——e is much more at eaſe during a peace. The poſt of a M——r in *England*, in time of war, is far being a ſettled one; your preſent ſituation ſpeaks it very clearly.

N——.

As for *P——l*, it will be impoſſible to ſupport it as long as the war continues in *G——y*: between ourſelves, I am much inclined to think, that the *S——s* will find that kingdom a very eaſy conqueſt; even if we aſſiſted it with 6 or 7000 troops.

E——.

E——.

The *S*——*b* army is a very weak one.

N——.

And ſo is the *P*——*e*, but not ſo numerous: In ſhort, if they do conquer it, it would not be any great matter. Only think, my L——d, what a plague we ſhould have in ſupporting them. We had much better conſider our own caſe, and leave their affairs to a ne——n; at the p——e they may be taken care of.

E——.

I doubt, my L—d D—e, we ſhall not be able to get off ſo.

N——.

I cannot tell; but if we can manage it ſo, you know it would be much better.

As for two c——l w——s, it is out of the queſtion, we cannot ſupport them.

E——.

But does your G—— think, that the concerns of a long and faithful a——y ought to be treated with ſo much indifference?

N——.

Oh! mere ſtuff—By all means: When your L——p has been longer in the m——y, you will be of my opinion.

E——.

How came your G—— not to have warded off the w—r at its firſt appearance, if this is your mxim?

N——.

I attempted it, but in vain: I would have made any c——s ſooner than engage in

in one ; nothing could have been more diametrically oppoſite to all my ſchemes : but it fell out contrary, and ſo I was forced to ſubmit.

E——.

But, my L—d D—e, cannot we manage ſo as to call home part of the troops from *Germany* to ſend to *Portugal?*

N——.

I cannot ſee how it would be poſſible : P——e *F——d* writes continually, in a preſſing manner, for reinforcements; and the *French* army will, this campaign, be ſtronger than ever.

E——.

But your G—— forgets the aſſiſtance of *Denmark.*

 N——.

N———.

That aſſiſtance I put no great faith in: but, my L—d, we muſt get rid of this *P———e* ſcheme: I ſhall ſee *B—e* to day, and will ———

E———.

I cannot diſcover any reaſon to doubt of *Denmark*: your G—— ſeems ſo eager to let *P———l* ſhift for itſelf, that you do not give yourſelf time to judge of the affairs of *Germany*.

N———.

I know neither what to do, nor what to ſay. Here we ſhall have five or ſix w—s to maintain ſoon; nothing but fiſhing in troubled waters. We muſt maintain a fleet off the coaſt of *Italy*; and I am miſtaken if

if we do not ſ——e the King of *Sardinia*. —In ſhort, I am quite tired of the w—r ——I hate w—r, deteſt it—and muſt and will procure a p——e—— at all events. Adieu.

N———.

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# DIALOGUE X.

Ducheſs of H——N, and the Counteſſes of P——E and N——d.

N——D.

INDEED, Lady *P——e*, I cannot be of your opinion.

H——N.

I own I always thought the ſame; but was never ſo great an advocate for retirement, and a private education.

P——E.

Your Grace miſtook me, if you thought I meant quite a private education: I never recommended that; but aſſerted, that at ſchool a young Lady ſhould have private maſters,

maſters, thoſe to teach every thing which is becoming even a *man* of learning to know.—In point of knowledge, I would make no difference between a ſon and a daughter: as to retirement, I ſhould recommend that no further than an aſſiſtant to learning. After ſchool, a Lady ought to retire for a year or two into the country, and, after that, ſpend but a few months in *London*.

N——D.

But how cruel would it be to deprive her of thoſe advantages which fortune and birth entitle her to?

P——E.

Not in the leaſt, Lady *N——d*; I ſhould bring a girl up to reliſh learning and retirement, ſo that her ſenſations, at being in the country, would be totally different from thoſe of another girl, whoſe only hope

and

and wiſh is quickly to be let looſe to her town-diverſions.

H——N.

If you educated her at a public ſchool in *London*, I doubt your ſcheme would be in ſome meaſure impracticable.

P——E.

I cannot apprehend there would ever be any great difficulty in it. The generality of young Ladies at a ſchool expect, at leaſt thoſe of conſiderable fortunes, ſoon to enjoy the pleaſures of *London*; and ſo far are their parents from undeceiving them, that they encourage them in it, and prepare them for their behaviour in the polite world. Now it would be very wonderful, if ſuch Ladies would like to *buſy* themſelves in the country for ſome time. But my conduct would be quite different; I ſhould take care to let the girl know, that as ſoon as ever

ever ſhe left ſchool, ſhe muſt expect to live in the country: nor ſhould ſhe ever forget that ſuch was the ſcheme for her. But there is another point which your Grace ſeemed not to conſider, and that is, giving her as large a ſhare of learning as the men themſelves.

N——D.

Sure your Ladyſhip would not neglect the genteel accompliſhments for this?

P——E.

Not entirely; but they would be only ſecondary attainments: but if your Ladyſhip means learning to play at cards, as a genteel accompliſhment, I ſhould certainly neglect that.

H——N.

I am quite of your opinion, Lady *P——e.*

P——E.

P——E.

I would have all young Ladies poſſeſs thoſe accompliſhments which are *truly polite* as well as faſhionable: ſuch as dancing, ſinging, muſic; and as to languages, I ſhould go further than *French*—they ſhould learn *Italian*, *Latin*, and *Greek*——

N——D.

*Greek!* Oh! hideous.

P——E.

It may ſound ſo to your Ladyſhip, but I would certainly have it taught.

H——N.

Indeed, Lady *P——e*, I think there you are rather *outré*.

P——E.

They ſhould learn as much of the mathematics

matics as is neceſſary for a knowledge of its ſublimeſt branches, ſuch as aſtronomy; they ſhould be perfect in geography; and not only *read*, but *ſtudy* hiſtory.

N——D.

What animals you would make of them!

P——E.

With their minds thus poliſhed with the elegancies of literature, and ſtored with juſt ideas, the neceſſary conſequence of uſeful knowledge, I believe, Lady *N——d*, they would not be ſo much hurt at living in the country. What makes a retired life ſo diſagreeable to young folks, is the want of amuſement: their education has diſenabled them from enjoying any thing but the pleaſures of *London*; they have no idea of any charms in the country; and as they do not poſſeſs the talent of employing their vacant hours, how can the country be agreeable

to

to them? No ſituation can be pleaſant to a modern fine Lady, but that which takes from her the power of thinking, which muſt ever prove tedious and horrid. But the caſe is different with a Lady, who has been brought up in a different manner: ſhe will have acquired a taſte for polite literature; and when that is once the caſe, her time will never hang on her hands—ſhe will want no town-amuſements to kill it.

N——D.

Indeed, Lady *P——e*, your notions are quite Gothic.

P——E.

They may appear Gothic to you, Madam; but to me they ſeem quite reaſonable: your Ladyſhip muſt be ſenſible, that our fine Ladies are terribly at a loſs, even for a few months in the ſummer, in the country: they miſs their round of amuſements,

muſements, and are miſerable, till the revolving ſeaſons once more brings them to *London*.

N——D.

And is it not quite natural?

P——E.

Perfectly ſo; as they are brought up—— But can it be thought rational that their happineſs ſhould depend on the varying ſcenes that ſhift around them. Is it not more truly conſiſtent with reaſon, that their minds ſhould be formed in ſuch a manner, as to depend for eaſe on nothing but themſelves?

H——N.

But ſure, Lady *P*——*e*, it would be extremely ſtrange to bring up one's daughters ſo learnedly, unleſs it was to be univerſal:

ſal: I doubt it would do them more harm than good.

P——E.

I cannot ſee any reaſon to think ſo. Women certainly are formed by nature with as great ſtrength of mind as the men; and why they ſhould not be as well educated, I know not—Men of ſenſe cannot but deſpiſe the women, whoſe converſation conſiſts of nothing but their dreſſes, their faſhions, and their pleaſures: if a man, of a refined underſtanding, marries a woman in expectation of finding an agreeable companion, it is twenty to one but he is diſappointed; he muſt either hold his own tongue, or adapt his converſation to the ideas of a jointed doll, whoſe thoughts are as barren of ſenſe, as his own are of nonſenſe.

N——D.

I vow your Ladyſhip is quite a ſatiriſt on our ſex.

P——E.

P——E.

I wiſh our ſex were leſs liable to ſuch reflections; but they are certainly true.

H——N.

I am, in a great meaſure, of your Ladyſhip's opinion; but do not you think, that ſo learned an education would almoſt deſtroy the politeneſs which is neceſſary for a woman of quality; and though learning may be juſtly held very dear, yet, I think, one would not bring up a girl to be pointed at by her own ſex: which would, perhaps, drive her into improper company and connections.

P——E.

The generality of the fine Gentlemen, it is true, are little better than the fine Ladies; but there are ſome, who unite the

elegance of politeneſs with the charms of learning. There are enough of theſe to ſhew how eaſily the two characters may be blended into one. Why, therefore, ſhould not the Ladies enjoy the ſame advantages? I am perſuaded they might be learned, without prejudicing their politeneſs, or their faſhionable eaſe.

H——N.

But was this ſyſtem of education to take place, it would be imitated by the lower people; and thoſe who ought to be making a pudding, would be reading *Plato* and *Ariſtotle*.

P——E.

Perhaps that might be the effect, if there was no ſuch thing as moderation; but pray, Madam, look into the education of the other ſex; their profeſſions, in general, require much more of their time, beſides the learned

learned ones, than ours; yet, we ſee, they find no ill-conſequences ariſing from their knowledge and learning, and much leſs would the women meet with: beſides, a woman's might be limited or directed, according to her ſtation in life.

H——N.

Without ſuch limitation your ſyſtem would never do.

P——E.

I cannot help wiſhing it was univerſally practiſed, as I am certain the ſex would receive infinite advantage from it: women would then be proper companions for men of learning; but while the wife knows nothing but faſhions, and the huſband is a man of learning, what diſtant companions they muſt neceſſarily be—what little harmony can there be between them. Inſtead of the moſt amiable and delightful conver-

ſation of all others, we now enjoy but a poor ſhare of tittle-tattle talk—Let us improve our minds as well as our perſons, and we ſhall find the men will conſider us as an higher order of mortals than their contempt will now allow them.

N———D.

Indeed, my dear Lady *P*———*e*, you talk very good ſenſe; but I can never give up an argument, in which I am ſure I am right.

P———E.

I believe your Ladyſhip will remain of that opinion.

H———N.

Well, I own I am much inclined to Lady *P*———*e*'s ſyſtem of female education—But ſure it is time to go to Lady *B*———.

P———E.

P——E.

I believe it is.

## DIALOGUE XI.

King of PRUSSIA and Prince HENRY of PRUSSIA.

I Congratulate your Majeſty on the proſperous ſtate of your affairs; the death of the Empreſs of *Ruſſia*, will, I hope, change the face of *Europe*.

King.

Indeed, brother, I believe it will have conſequences of the greateſt importance: we hardly know ourſelves how far they may extend; but yet much will depend on

the fortune of the campaign, the event of that is not in our power.

Prince.

I thought the negotiation your Majeſty had entered into with the Empreſs Queen would have changed the conduct of your affairs from the field to the cabinet.

King.

What will be the reſult of that negotiation, I know not; but the court of *Vienna* is evidently confuſed and undetermined: yet its army is in good order for the campaign, and their preparations have not been ſtopped a moment—On the other hand, I know they expect an *Italian* war almoſt every month, and therefore no military preparations muſt ſlack; if they can ward off that blow, they will puſh us in *Sileſia* with vigour.

Prince.

Prince.

But I thought your Majeſty underſtood that the King of *Sardinia* ——

King.

His intentions are impenetrable: I can only judge of his deſigns by forming an idea of what is moſt for his intereſt. The offers I have made him ſeem to have but little effect: yet, I am almoſt certain, that he will oppoſe the aggrandiſement of the houſe of *Auſtria* to too high a degree.

Prince.

But ſure it will be for his intereſt to oppoſe the family-compact which unites ſo many of his powerful neighbours.

King.

His negotiations, from what I can ſee of

them, have only one aim—to preſerve the ballance of power in *Italy*, in his own hands. If the houſe of *Bourbon* begin the war in that country, I make little doubt but his troops will march againſt them.

Prince.

But if the Empreſs-Queen attacks *Naples*?

King.

Then, he will be a gainer, let him oppoſe her or remain neuter. She muſt gain him before ſhe can march into *Italy*. If he is inclined to aid her, ſhe muſt pay him very dear for his aſſiſtance; and if he ſways rather againſt her, the price of his inaction will not be inconſiderable: but he will never aggrandize her too much; and I have ſome hopes that he will not enter into any alliance with her, unleſs *Sileſia* is ceded to me: for it is of very little conſequence to him, if her power is overgrown, whether it

it be from dominions in *Germany* or *Italy*.

Prince.

For *Sileſia* your Majeſty will not want his aſſiſtance; you will conquer it this campaign.

King.

The events of war are quite uncertain; but I believe her army cannot ſtand againſt us. We ſhall now feel the good effects of our friendſhip with *Ruſſia* and *Sweden*: I believe *Sileſia* will be mine; but I am tired of the war, and had rather gain it by negotiation than the ſword: and as I perceive a peace not far diſtant, I muſt huſband my army to remain formidable after the concluſion of the war.

Prince.

Your Majeſty judges very right; for if I have

have any foreſight, this will not be the only war that is ſuſtained for *Sileſia*.

King.

I hope time will prove your opinion a miſtake. The houſe of *Auſtria* will not be ready to attack us again: They will be very cautious, this war has turned out ſo contrary to their expectations, that it muſt be a very tempting opportunity to induce them to try the event of another.

Prince.

But conſider how your Majeſty's dominions are weakened.

King.

The real power of my kingdom is certainly weakened, but not the comparative power: if the houſe of *Auſtria* attacks me, I ſhall not find myſelf weaker, but perhaps ſtronger

ſtronger than before. The *Auſtrians* have ſuffered much greater loſſes than I, and are to the full as much exhauſted, ſo that they would find an equal inabiſity to carry on a new war.

Prince.

As your Majeſty's enemies were the aggreſſors in the preſent war, and as you was drawn into it by ſuch a ſcene of unjuſt ſchemes and negotiations, I think, if I was your Majeſty, I would take care at a general peace to be reimburſed for ——

King.

I underſtand you, brother; they who raiſed the flames of this unhappy war ſhould pay for it—believe me, that is my intention: I make no general peace without receiving ample ceſſions for the immenſe loſſes I have ſuſtained, both in men and money.

Prince.

Prince.

The king of *Poland* was one of the moſt forward of your Majeſty's enemies; I think his dominions ought to pay for their ſovereign's folly and injuſtice.

King.

The Empreſs-Queen, I am perſuaded from what paſſed in the laſt negotiation, will not continue the war merely to protect *Saxony*; her intereſts in *Italy* are too preſſing, and ſhe is too weak to attempt his protection: I ſhall make no peace in which he is concluded, unleſs he ſatisfies me by conſiderable ceſſions for the many injuries I have received through the machinations of his Miniſter *Bruhl*.

Prince.

I think your Majeſty judges extremely right.

King.

King.

The whole province of *Luſatia*, and ſome diſtricts in *Saxony*, which join to my dominions, I intend to reſerve at a peace: A poor ſatisfaction for all the expences of the war, which he has raiſed.

Prince.

The Empreſs-Queen, I fear, will not eaſily brook ceding all *Sileſia* to your Majeſty.

King.

Not an inch of it ſhall remain in the poſſeſſion of the houſe of *Auſtria*. As to her brooking it, the neceſſity of her affairs will oblige her to it. Her views in *Italy* are of more importance, and will be attended with greater conſequences than the ceſſion of a part of *Sileſia*.

Prince.

Prince.

*Sileſia* may not be of ſo much importance as the whole extent of her ambitious ſchemes in *Italy*; but they are at beſt uncertain: whereas the poſſeſſion of that province would depend on little beſides the immediate conqueſt of it. In *Italy*, your Majeſty yourſelf thinks the King of *Sardinia* would oppoſe her aggrandizing herſelf.

King.

Nevertheleſs, the conqueſt of the *Two Sicilies*, which I really believe ſhe meditates, would amply repay her: and after a peace in *Germany*, and an alliance with *Sardinia*, if ſhe can bring that about, I am far from ſuppoſing the ſcheme impracticable; for there are no troops in *Naples* that could oppoſe an *Auſtrian* army.

Prince.

Prince.

But we cannot tell what forces the *French* and *Spaniards* would ſend to ſuccour his *Sicilian* Majeſty.

King.

Their aſſiſtance would be quite precarious; for their troops muſt be ſent by ſea, and the *Engliſh* fleet would have very good chance of intercepting them. Beſides, can we tell, what ſudden revolutions might happen to render their ſuccours ineffectual?

Prince.

In caſe of ſuch revolution happening, ſhall your Majeſty continue in alliance with *Great Britain*, or——

King.

Certainly; I have found more faith in the

the *Britiſh* nation than ever I experienced in the court of *Verſailles:* but honour and gratitude dictates the path which I ought to purſue. No intereſt could lead the Parliament of *England* to grant me ſuch immenſe ſums to fight my own battles: the whole war in *Germany* has been proſecuted merely for my intereſt, not that of *England*; and in this conduct they have diſplayed ſo much honour and brotherly concern for me, when in ſuch ſeeming danger, that I ſhall always put more faith in an alliance with them, than any other power in *Europe*. In the laſt war I was deſerted by *France* juſt when I ſtood moſt in need of their aſſiſtance; and throughout my whole connections with the court of *Verſailles*, the aim of the *French* miniſtry was to make me their tool, to kindle commotions in *Germany*. A ſyſtem into which I ſhall never enter again.

Prince.

Prince.

Your Majeſty knows it has always been my opinion that an alliance with *France* was againſt your intereſt.

King.

I engaged with the court of *Verſailles*, becauſe I knew it was the intereſt of *France* to lower the power of the houſe of *Auſtria*: and there is no tie in an alliance with *France* ſo ſtrong as their own intereſt.

Prince.

I apprehend that the projects of the *French* miniſtry all tend to kindle wars in *Germany*, and thereby weaken the whole country, and ———

King.

You are right, but I ſhall never more make myſelf a dupe to the court of *France*.

I own I was prejudiced in favour of the *French:* my knowledge of their language, and having converſed with, and read many of their beſt authors, inclined me towards them, in preference to any other nation.

Prince.

The generous *Engliſh* will, I hope ——

King.

Be my friends and allies for the future. They will: I ſhall detach myſelf for ever from *France*, and ſhall never doubt the truth of the *Engliſh* faith, nor the efficacy of *Engliſh* gold. But I hope, brother *Henry*, we ſhall have no more wars. I ſhall not, for the time to come, be the indefatigable ſoldier I have been: age comes on, and my amuſement, for the future, will be books, and the converſation of learned men: it will be difficult to draw me

me again into the field: I ſhall enjoy the ſhade of retirement more than the hurry of camps.

Prince.

But your Majeſty has united the characters of the philoſopher, ſoldier, poet, and muſician throughout the whole war: to the wonder, indeed, of the whole world.

King.

The world wonders then at the mere effect of conſtitution: I can call it by no other name; inſtead of being ſo hurried after an action, as ſome commanders are, I have preſerved my tranquillity: I have found more eaſe and quiet in the compoſition of ſome trifling poem, or piece of muſic, than in giving myſelf up to an agitation of ſpirits. Conſtitution enables ſome men to have that command over their thoughts, as to guide every idea to any

point or ſubject—to think of ſome future ſtanza in the midſt of all the fire and fury of a battle. Had it not been for this habitual command over my thoughts, I ſhould not now be ſovereign of *Pruſſia*, but ſhould have ſunk under a thouſand apprehenſions, which have made very little impreſſion on me. This is mere conſtitution.

Prince.

A very happy one.

King.

True: but I hope never to experience ſo many trials of it again. Retirement, my dear *Henry*, is what I now wiſh for: may the happy moment ſoon arrive, in which we ſhall once more be ſeated with tranquillity, in the ſaloon of philoſophy, at *Sans Souchi*.

Prince.

Prince.

Heaven knows I agree with your Majesty in that wish.

King.

Brother, farewel——Success to you in *Saxony*.

# DIALOGUE XII.

## The Right Hon. the Earl of C——D, and the Rev. Mr. W——N.

C——D.

INDEED, Mr. *W——n*, I agree with you, that the protection and encouragement of the arts and ſciences ought to be the ſtudy of the great; but neither protection nor encouragement can make an age celebrated, if the ſuperior cauſes do not concur.

W——N.

Without enquiring into the influence of phyſical and moral cauſes, your Lordſhip muſt be ſenſible, that the countenance of the great has important and ſtriking effects in

in the diſcovering true genius. I wiſh the preſent age could boaſt of a higher degree of fame than I fear will be allotted it—tho' there have appeared ſome works ſuperior to thoſe of antiquity in the ſame province.

C——D.

It is very difficult to form a juſt idea of our own times: prejudice, party, faction, and ten thouſand minute circumſtances, all concur to blind us; and under ſuch fleeting influence, the praiſe of the whole kingdom is attracted oftentimes by trifling performances that will be buried in oblivion.

W——N.

But your Lordſhip ſhould conſider the nature of that praiſe. A new work, very often, has a great run for a ſhort time, and then is forgot for ever: they appear like a meteor, which blazes for a moment, and then vaniſhes: but you may obſerve ſome

works that attract a more ſilent regard, that grow into favour by degrees, which you ſoon find in moſt cloſets, admired by all *that mention them*, and are got by heart by every body: we may always foretell, that thoſe pieces will prove immortal. And let me obſerve there has appeared ſeveral of theſe in the age to which the title of *George* II. is prefixed.

C——D.

I thought you juſt now regretted the low eſtimation this age would have in future times.

W——N.

I meant compared with others. In the age of *Shakeſpeare* appeared that immortal writer *Johnſon*, *Bacon*, and *Milton*, beſides many others of great note: and in that of *Newton*, we have a long liſt of illuſtrious names,

names, whoſe works have rendered them immortal.

C——D.

I have heard of the ages of *Elizabeth* and *Ann*, but never thoſe of *Shakeſpeare* and *Newton*.

W——N.

Your Lordſhip ſmiles at my giving thoſe ages new titles; but the name of a Sovereign ought never to have that honour, unleſs they are patrons of merit, and encouragers of the arts and ſciences. *Elizabeth* underſtood *Greek* and *Latin*, but had a barbarous taſte; and *Ann* had not the capacity to feel the beauties of the fine arts: neither of them encouraged them.

C——D.

The preſent age, I agree, is far from equalling the two you have mentioned; but

but you yourſelf allowed it great merit. We have had ſome tragedies of merit; *The Revenge* is one of the beſt modern ones on our ſtage; and *Elfrida* is a beautiful poem. *The Suſpicious Husband* and *The School for Lovers*, are two comedies of different ſpecies, but equally excellent, and ſuperior to many of your two ages.

W——N.

I agree to the merit of *The Revenge*; but it belongs to the age of *Newton*, not to ours: we poſſeſs *Elfrida*. 'Tis true, the comedies you mention are excellent; but not ſufficiently ſo to ballance many others that appeared long before—two comedies will never immortalize an age.

C——D.

But they are ſuperior to moſt that you can mention, and equal to all. In lyric poetry, *Akenſide*, *Gray*, and *Maſon*.

W——N.

W——N.

All excellent, no doubt—but *Dryden*.

C——D.

*Dryden*'s ſuperiority will not diminiſh their juſt praiſes. In ſatire, *Johnſon*, *Young*, and let me add *Churchill*.

W——N.

Great merit, certainly; but ſure Mr. *Churchill* will be contented with a claſs below the two firſt you named. However, *Pope* and *Dryden* are their ſuperiors.

C——D.

In paſtorals, the Oriental Eclogues.

W——N.

Greater merit than many of our other paſtoral writers.

C——D.

C——D.

Than any. In elegy, *Gray.*

W——N.

Unparalleled, ſuperior to *Pope* himſelf.

C——D.

I forbear naming a multitude of ſcattered poetic pieces, which, I am perſuaded, will be immortal, and are far ſuperior to the "Minor Poets." In proſe we can boaſt many works of diſtinguiſhed merit: Dr. *Robertſon*, in hiſtory, you will allow, is ſuperior to *Clarendon.*

W——N.

Or any other *Engliſh* hiſtorian.

C——D.

And Mr. *Hume* is elegant, penetrating, and judicious: *The Rambler* is beyond any thing

of

of the kind ever publiſhed, if we except the inimitable humour of *Addiſon*; but it is entirely different from that, and therefore cannot be compared to it. What a ſublime ſyſtem of morals! what exact delineations of the human paſſions! what juſt and manly criticiſms! what elegant language!

W——N.

No praiſes are too great for a work which abounds with ſo many proofs of a ſuperior genius.

C——D.

I ſpeak without recollection; but how many uſeful treatiſes have appeared on natural hiſtory and the ſciences—Even in the article of works of imagination in proſe, we are far ſuperior to either of the preceding ages. *Richardſon* and *Fielding*—I ſhall not pretend to mention half the pieces that are of diſtinguiſhed merit; but theſe are ſufficient

ſufficient to ſhow, that the preſent age is not barren. One I forgot, *Triſtram Shandy* is an original work of true humour, and diſplays great learning, wit, and ſtrength of character.

W——N.

In natural philoſophy and romance, I agree with your Lordſhip: but as for *Triſtram Shandy*, I muſt utterly reject it from the liſt of works that do honour to the preſent age; the originality of it is in its abſurdity, the wit is in its obſcenity, and there is nothing ſtriking in the characters: In ſhort, it will, in a few years, be buried in contempt and oblivion—I allow it contains beauties; but they are few, and vaniſh before the multitude of its blemiſhes. But, my Lord, the aim of my argument is far from being levelled againſt the literature of the preſent age: I only aſſert, that it cannot be compared to ſome others. A

decay

decay of genius is never more ſtrongly marked than in an attention to the minutiæ of literature. When the whole region of the fine arts is involved in a multitude of critical rules, invention will be neglected for taſte, and a falſe elegance. In your liſt of the celebrated pieces of our age, there is not an epic poem : *The Revenge* and *Elfrida* are your only tragedies. 'Tis true, the former is a fine piece ; but where is the character, the ſpirit of *Shakeſpeare ? Elfrida* is a pleaſing poem ; but where is the impetuoſity of genius, the fire of invention ? How much beyond him is *Shakeſpeare*, *Dryden*, and *Otway ?* In *Shakeſpeare*, genius hurries us in the tranſport of the poet : In *Maſon*, taſte pleaſes in the elegance of the poem. The invention of *Shakeſpeare* knew no bounds, and we are aſtoniſhed at the ſtrokes of poetry, the painting of character—The taſte and correctneſs of *Maſon* appears throughout his piece, but his genius was crampt

crampt with critical rules; and inſtead of the impetuous beauties of inventive fancy, we have taſte, order, and exactneſs.

C——D.

You do not ſpeak of that fine poem as it deſerves.

W——N.

I am far from depreciating its merit: I would only ſhow, that a falſe taſte prevails when the influence of criticiſm is univerſal —when no poet of ſuperior genius dares give his imagination full play, we may aſſert, that genius and originality are on the decay. Criticiſm never yet flouriſhed in its full extent, but a barrenneſs of invention ſoon followed. The reaſon, my Lord, is evident: it is much eaſier to compoſe a faultleſs tragedy, than to invent. Obſerve the pieces which the critics cry up as admirable, when tried by their rules; what lifeleſs,

lifeleſs, inſipid productions; but wrote on their plan, and ſo ſhould be praiſed by their patrons. In ſhort, my Lord, look through the whole range of literature, at preſent, and you will ſee the pernicious influence of the univerſal effects of the critical taſte. Before any one dares to praiſe a new piece, he muſt conſider whether the unities are obſerved: if not, his judgment will be queſtioned, if he commends it.

C——D.

I own, when criticiſm is ſubſtituted for genius, the age will not be fertile in great works. But has this taſte, which you condemn ſo much, prevented the beauties of our preſent authors from being eſteemed? Nay, has it not been the means of extending their influence?

W——N.

It may have diffuſed a ſuperficial know-

ledge of criticiſm, and rendered poets willing to conform to the faſhionable opinion: that opinion we may be very ſure will be in favour of adhering to all rules; becauſe there are more that can judge of the attention paid to thoſe rules in a work, than of the ſtrokes of genius—and original beauties with which it abounds. Your Lordſhip muſt be ſenſible, that if a poet was to bring a tragedy on to the ſtage, in which every one of the unities were diſregarded, like ſome of *Shakeſpeare*'s irregular pieces; whatever merit it might have, it would be deſpiſed—condemned as a barbarous performance, and remain unnoticed till a more penetrating age pointed out its latent beauties.

C——D.

In poetry, hiſtory, and all proſe compoſitions, I cannot but conceive this age has great merit—but in painting, ſculpture, and architecture,

architecture, I own it has very little: our artiſts ſhow neither taſte nor genius.

W——N.

Your Lordſhip's obſervation is very juſt —your mentioning architecture reminds me of *Inigo Jones*, a great genius in the age of *Shakeſpeare*, whom I forgot to mention before; there were ſeveral painters alſo of great eminence. Yet, my Lord, there has been ſome buildings raiſed that do honour to the kingdom: *Holkam*, *Weſtminſter-bridge*, and ——

C——D.

But very few: what numbers of heavy piles are every day built, even in the metropolis, that diſhonour us!

W——N.

True—However, I do not argue in favour of our architecture; but allow, that we are ſo

ſo happy as to poſſeſs many men, who will immortalize their own names, but not their age. I fear, my Lord, we ſhall not agree in our opinion; ſo, for the preſent, I will take my leave ——

C——D.

I like to take up the contrary ſide of an argument with you, both for my amuſement and inſtruction. Give us another volume on *Pope*, and we ſhall diſpute again.

W——N.

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient.

C——D.

Your's——.

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM

FINIS.

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C——D.

Your's——.

FINIS.